

The Mirror

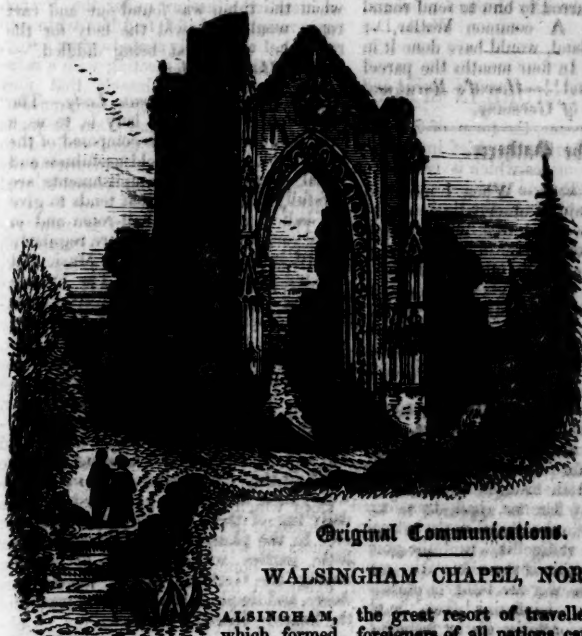
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWO PENCE.)

No. 2.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1843.

[Vol. I, 1843.]



Original Communications.

WALSINGHAM CHAPEL, NORFOLK.

WALSINGHAM, which formed one lordship, was part of the possessions of the powerful Earls of Clare. It obtained great celebrity for centuries, from the circumstance of a widow lady, Recolde Faverches, having founded a small chapel in honour of the Virgin Mary. Her son, Sir Geoffrey Faverches, confirmed the endowments, founded a priory for Augustine canons, and erected a conventual church. Erasmus, who was an eyewitness, informs us, that Walsingham was almost entirely maintained by its being

the great resort of travellers, and that foreigners of all nations came hither on pilgrimage, and that kings and queens of England also paid their devotions to it. He also states, "that the chapel was distinct from the church, and inside of it was a small chapel of wood, on each side of which was a little narrow door, where those who were admitted came with their offerings, and paid their devotions; that it was lighted up with torches, and that the glitter of gold, silver, and jewels, would lead you to suppose it to be the seat of the gods."

VOL. XLI.

[No. 1146.]

The present remains of this once noble monastic pile, are a portal, a lofty arch sixty feet high, the refectory, a Saxon arch, part of the original chapel, part of the old cloisters, a stone bath, and two uncovered wells—the famed Wishing Wells; for people were taught to believe, that they who obtained permission to drink of these waters could have, under certain restrictions, whatever they desired. They are, to the present day, the attractive point of the youthful lover, who, in company with his fair enchanter, gazes, with a kind of adoration, on that which acted so wonderfully on our forefathers.

W. A. D.

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

In times of peace, the town of Miranda on the Ebro derives its chief importance from the commerce which is carried on between the Basque provinces and old Castile; but during the last war its importance was greatly augmented by the strong garrison it contained, and by its proximity to several well fortified places.

In the month of May, 1838, a young lady, whose countenance exhibited the traces of recent sorrow, was seated in an apartment of one of those stately mansions that adorn the town of Miranda. By her side was a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, whose military uniform shewed that he belonged to a band of foreigners, who, after having distinguished themselves at Algiers in the cause of France, had transferred their services to the liberal party in Spain. "Ah! my dear Cecilia," said the young officer to his fair companion, "the cruel determination of your father has ruined all our hopes. I imagined that the chivalry which formerly distinguished the Spaniards was not yet quite extinct, and that noble birth might make amends for the want of fortune. But I find I was mistaken; a Polish noble is not deemed worthy to be the son-in-law of the rich Don Miguel Requana. He might, however, have been more courteous in his refusal." "Alas! dear Arnold," said the lady, "our civil dissensions have soured my father's temper. He is even more harsh with me than he used to be; and he has threatened to send me to the house of one of his friends, where he says I

shall be treated with severity, as a punishment for what he terms my obstinacy. But you, Arnold, what are your prospects—where do you intend to go? Tell me, without delay, for my father will be here shortly." "Your father," replied Arnold, "has induced the commandant to order me to quit the town. I have no means of resisting this arbitrary act; I shall bid adieu, therefore, to Miranda to-night, and as soon as I have settled a little business which will detain me on the frontier for some time, I shall go to Paris, to one of my relations, who holds a lucrative situation under the French government, and if I find him willing to aid me, I shall apply again to your father, without the fear of meeting with a refusal; for the great obstacle that now opposes our union will then be removed." The lovers, fearing that Don Requana might surprise them, were obliged to separate, after having, as is invariably the custom on such occasions, vowed eternal fidelity to each other.

The scene of our tale is now removed to a beautiful villa, situated on the summit of a hill by the sea-shore, about a mile from the port of Santander. Nearly a month after the interview we have described, on a fine evening, about an hour before sunset, Don Mendez, the respectable proprietor of the villa just named, was seated at one of its windows, which he had thrown open to admit the evening breeze, observing attentively a small vessel which had just appeared in the offing. She was so differently built and rigged from the ships which he saw daily passing from Santander to Bilbao, that he could neither guess the service she was in, nor whither she was bound for. At length, having exhausted his imagination in fruitless conjectures, he shut the window, and retired to join his family. Had he observed the strange vessel a few minutes longer, it is more than probable that he would have been furnished with subjects for further speculation, quite as perplexing as those which had so recently baffled his sagacity; for he had no sooner left the window than she changed her course, and stood in for the shore, where, favoured by a smart breeze, she arrived in less than half-an-hour. When her anchor was cast, a boat was hoisted out, into which three men descended, and rowed to a point of land, at a little dis-

tance from the house of Don Mendez, where one of them landed, and was absent nearly an hour; when he returned, the boat was rowed back to the ship. On its arrival, three persons descended from the poop of the vessel, and asked the man who had been on shore, if he thought their enterprise would be successful. "I have no doubt of it," he replied, "the house appears to be easy of access, and its inmates are as unguarded and as tranquil as we could desire; and I think the sooner we make the attempt the better."

These four persons might from their garb have been taken for Carlist officers, had it not been that each of them had on his chin a tuft of hair, which fashion was regarded by the Carlists as expressive either of republicanism or liberalism, both of which they held in utter abhorrence. "I have my doubts respecting the propriety of the business we are going on," said one of them; "I am not sure that it is just to force an individual to pay the debts which the government of his country have incurred. Six months ago I thought it right enough, but now that we are about to put it into execution, it seems to me more like the action of a set of brigands than of soldiers of honour." "Your scruples are rather too late," replied another; "you would not surely advise us to abandon our enterprise now." "No, but we must not demand a farthing beyond what is due to us." "Certainly not. It is time, however, for us to act; for we must be far away from this before the sun rises."

The four adventurers then stepped into the boat without further discussion, and made for the land; where we shall leave them for a short time, to pay a visit to Don Mendez, who was comfortably seated at supper, along with his wife and three young ladies, two of whom were his daughters. After supper was over, the worthy Don lighted his cigar, and began to expatiate, at great length, on the atrocities committed by the Carlists. As he proceeded, his imagination began to warm, and he related to his frightened hearers, with astonishing accuracy, some of the exploits of Cabrera, whom he described as having killed, if not actually eaten, an immense number of Christians. "Gracias a Dios!" exclaimed Senora Mendez, after a long pause; "we are safe here from the ravages of this unnatural war." She had hardly uttered these words when the blood forsook her face,

and her eyes became fixed and haggard. The Don looked about, in alarm, to discover what had frightened his wife, and he saw three armed men, habited like Carlist officers, standing in the middle of the room. The young ladies shrieked for help. "You have nothing to fear," said one of the intruders, courteously. "To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit," inquired the Don, in a tremulous tone of voice, "and how can I repay your courtesy." "That you can easily do," replied the officer who had spoken to the ladies; "as soon as you have given us the sum that you will find mentioned in this note, we will leave your house quietly; but should you refuse, we shall be compelled to help ourselves." When the Don had examined the note, he exclaimed, "The sum is enormous; I do not possess the half of it." "Come," said the soldier, sternly, "we are not to be trifled with; if you have not more than the half of it, we will accept an order on one of the mercantile houses of Bayonne or Bordeaux for the other half. But beware; if you deceive us, I promise you this will not be the last visit we shall pay you." The Don, finding that remonstrance was useless, paid the money. As he was counting it out, a fourth officer entered the room. One of the young ladies started up in surprise, and uttered, in a suppressed manner, the name of "Arnold;" which the soldier responded to by calling her his dear "Cecilia." The next moment they were locked in each other's arms. Arnold then drew Cecilia aside, and, after a few minutes' conversation, they left the room together. The other officers, having received the money, prepared to follow their companion; but previous to their departure, they told the Don that they had a party stationed a short way from his house, and that if he, or any of his household, attempted to give the alarm before the expiration of an hour, he must abide the consequences; but that, after that time, he would be free to act as he thought fit. This threat had the intended effect, for the soldiers gained their vessel without molestation. On the following morning Don Mendez informed the authorities of Santander, that his house had been surrounded, during the night, by a numerous body of Carlists, who, in spite of the energetic resistance made by him and his servants, had succeeded in carrying off everything valuable they

could lay their hands on. Soldiers were immediately sent in pursuit of the marauders; but the search proved fruitless, for no one could give any tidings of them. About three months after the attack, in which the warlike qualities of the Don had shone so conspicuously, a messenger arrived at his dwelling with a parcel, containing the exact amount of money that had been so unceremoniously borrowed of him on the occasion referred to; and, a few days after, he received a letter from Don Requana, informing him that Cecilia had just been married, at Paris, to a Polish noble, who had distinguished himself, as a soldier, in the service of both France and Spain. This news made Don Mendez very reserved on the subject of the attack; but, somehow or other, a rumour got abroad in the town of Santander, that the numerous body of Carlists who had pillaged the house of Don Mendez, consisted of only four Polish officers, in the service of Spain, who, finding that the Spanish treasury was too poor to pay them their arrears, had resorted to this rather unjustifiable mode of paying themselves.

FIELD LANE;

OR, THE JEWISH PERSUASION!

A man much used to observation,
Amongst the thriving Jewish nation,
Made a large bet, design'd to shew
How well that crafty people know
When to lie close, and when be craving
To suit their plans for gain or saving!

Said he, "I'll thus my footsteps bend,
Thro' all Field Lane, from end to end;
And simply thus the bet shall be—
That every Jew shall speak to me!
But say the word—the wager lay,
It shall 'come off' this very day!
To-morrow—taking the same track,
Then every Jew shall turn his back!"

The bet agreed, away he goes
Midst all the World's most friendly foes!
His wardrobe somewhat coarse and plain,
He takes a saunter down the Lane!
Instantly all seem'd quite officious,
It was so perfectly delicious
To see a *Stranger*, slow of gait—
Not jogging, at the usual rate!
Whilst each one hoped, amid the din—
"Shure shure of us vil take him in!"

One offers hats, another shoes,
His only plan—all to refuse—
Yet still to keep alive the pother
On one pretension or another!
What to make of him none can tell:
"You vil not pay; den vat you shell?"

One boldly wants to change his suit,
And take a trifle just to boot!
Till tired at last of useless "barking,"
At last they all set up a-larking!
"We'll pay up all you have complete,
And shend you packing down de street."
All tends to what he most would gain—
A word from each throughout the Lane!
No matter; let them have their whim,
But ev'ry Jew had spoke to him!

Thus far, at least, his wager gain'd;
The harder portion yet remain'd!
To send them sneaking to their holes,
Instead of flocking out in shoals!
He play'd, howe'er, the sage reflector,
And dressing like a *Tax Collector*,
He, as if bent to fleece or wrong them,
With pen and ink-born dash'd among them!
The fellow, too, had got the nouse
To stare about, from house to house,
As if just thinking, peradventure,
Which he should fix on first to enter!

The ruse succeeded to a hair;
The shops were left completely bare!
The tribe of Levi slunk away
If but to 'scape for one short day!
Not staying e'en to play the snarler,
Each gets innoced in his back parlour!
As much annoy'd by the offender,
As if they'd seen the Witch of Endor!

Thus ending his advent'rous range,
He shouts "old clothes to shell or change!"
Rousing again the honest folks,
Tho' sore perplex'd to sift the hoar!

His friend stood ling'ring on the fret,
And own'd, he'd fairly won the bet!

Thus Jews still hold but one belief,
Tho' in thriving or in grief!
Jews still will sell, whoe'er may rue it,
If Pertinacity will do it!
Or, pay-day coming, make Evasion—
Jews only are of one PERSUASION!

J. M.

Spirit of Foreign Literature.

THE POET.

(From the French of E. de Labodolliere.)

LET us attempt to describe the habits of this singular class of individuals. A hundred years ago La Metromanie attempted it, perhaps succeeded, and, on referring to him, we find that the poet of his day differed in little from the poet of the nineteenth century. Then, as now, he was an unequal, fantastic personage, always dreaming, always absent-minded. It is true that his hair is no longer powdered, but under the now flowing curls the same eccentric ideas take root; no longer an inoffensive sword dangles by his side, yet his gait is not

the less awkward and irregular—rapid as a locomotive engine, or slow as the cart of the waggoner. His dress is no longer surmounted with lace, bedaubed with snuff; but his palpitating breast, in which the fire of genius burns, is still swollen with pride and vanity.

When a schoolboy has scribbled five stanzas, he imagines he possesses both fame and fortune, and hastens to read his production to his friends. He becomes the lion of parties, receives invitations, which he rarely accepts. To leave a stanza unfinished to seek a cravat or a waistcoat; to barter his pen for a brush or a razor; to descend from the heights of Parnassus to the thousand-and-one details of the toilette; to waste precious moments, which should be consecrated to genius, for the gratification of making his bow in a drawing room, or of whispering soft nothings to stiff and affected women, ill become him. No, the poet usually remains at home, which ultimately, if not driven from it by poverty, becomes his seat of bliss. But the garret, unfortunately, has now become his almost invariable abode; and he, unlike Seneca, is ever descanting on the advantages of wealth. Lately, a man of fine feeling and distinguished talent, was so far reduced, as to be compelled to ask five francs for a poem that was to appear in the following day's paper, for by this means he could only procure a dinner. "Call again to-morrow" was the answer he received.

It is invariably the case, that a poet has a great aversion to marriage, not wishing to associate a wife and children with his miserable destiny. Besides, he loves too much the whole sex in general, to attach himself to one woman in particular. To range from flower to flower—to be quickly caught—to be as soon released—to dream of the fair hair of this, the dark ringlets of that; the bright eye of a third, and the melancholy expression of a fourth—to build a romance on the grisette he may meet in the street—on the fair and youthful peasant girl in the fields; such are his joys and pleasures—pleasures free from the thoughts of possession, and which never disturb the happiness of families; pleasures sweeter far than reality, for fancy creates the most charming mistress—graceful, ethereal beings, beautiful as hours, pure as Madonnas. The poet's independent humour, too, would ill

assimilate with the matrimonial yoke. Liberty of thought and action belong to him. At two o'clock he might take a fancy to admire the landscape by moonlight, and quitting his wife and babes, take a ramble in the fields. If a rhyme that he had been long endeavouring to find, should occur to him in the middle of the night, most probably he would get up, exclaiming, "I have got it—I have got it;" and by doing so, awaken an infant whose cries might chase away the long sought for words from his memory, and make him feel as utterly wretched as a fallen angel—a dethroned king—or a martyr at the stake; for there is nothing to which he has a greater horror than being disturbed in his meditations.

Such are the more prominent characteristics of individuals given to rhyming.

Here Labedolliere practically illustrates the diversified poems of the respective poets—elegiac, sacred, classical, light pieces, gloomy, familiar, and romantic—and closes his talented article by inquiring into the causes of the unsuccessfulness of modern poetry. "How comes it that poets, generally, have so little success?" asked I of an old friend, whose vigour of mind was not impaired by age. "Is the form of their poetry defective, or lacks it of harmony, apt metaphor, or sublime expressions?"

"In my youth," our Nestor replied, "I observed the commencement of an operation, indicative of contempt for the past, and bespeaking a complete social revolution. All are endeavouring to solve an unknown problem, and each fancies he beholds in the social body symptoms of an evil, for which there is no cure. In the midst of this agitation, what interest, think you, can be taken in machines, which, like barrel organs, give forth sounds in empty words, and which at all times, in all places, in all seasons, in peace and in war, intrude upon us. Do you not think that a person would be justified in saying to the dunderheads, 'O versifiers, Plato expelled you from the republic, and now that the state requires so many reforms, and so many enlightened and patriotic men to carry them out, there is more reason for passing the sentence of banishment upon you. Are ye the partisans of improvement? Do ye put your shoulders to the wheel in the great cause? No. When called upon for a work of utility, you answer by a rolling-fire of rhyme on

some common-place or thread-bare subject. Held in contempt by the great-minded, you cannot even be classed with buffoons, for the province of hired jesters was to amuse, you only give rise to *ennui*; buffoons succeeded in exciting the laughter of their masters, but when you excite laughter, it is against yourselves."

This sweeping assertion of my witty friend is far from being correct to the letter; but there are many poets who seem striving to justify it.

Literature.

The Military Operations at Cabul; with a Journal of Imprisonment in Affghanistan. By Lieutenant Vincent Eyre.

THIS work, as it touches on late events of stirring interest, and as it contains the earliest authentic accounts of the destruction of the British troops in January, 1842, will command immediate attention. Besides, what will render the work of more value is the fact that the author took an active part in these dreadful events, and, soldier-like, has described them in a straightforward and unaffected manner—censuring where he thought it was due, and commending that which he thought praiseworthy. The work is published in the form of a journal, and is printed by the author's relatives in England, who received it in portions from a friend of Lieutenant Eyre, as sent by the latter gentleman from an Afghan prison. It consists of two important features; the one—remarks on the character and tendency of the military transactions from the outbreak; the other—historical accounts of the incidents that followed. From the latter, we extract a portion relative to poor Macnaughten, whom he exonerates from the error imputed to him, and maintains that Lord Auckland was alone instrumental in bringing about the ill-advised reduction of the annual stipends of the Giljye tribes:—

MACNAUGHTEN'S MURDER.

"In leaving the cantonments, Sir William expressed his disappointment at the paucity of men on the ramparts, and the apparent inertness of the garrison at such a critical moment, saying, 'However, it is all of a piece with the military arrangements throughout the siege.' On his leaving the gate, only sixteen troopers of the body guard were in attendance,

but the remainder shortly afterwards joined, under Lieutenant le Geyt.

"Sir William now, for the first time, explained to the officers who accompanied him the objects of the present conference; and Captain Lawrence was warned to be in readiness to gallop to the Bala Hissar, to prepare the king for the approach of a regiment.

"Apprehensions being expressed of the danger to which the scheme might expose him, in case of treachery on the part of Mahomed Akber, he replied, 'Dangerous it is; but if it succeeds, it is worth all risks. The rebels have not fulfilled even one article of the treaty, and I have no confidence in them; and if by it we can only save our honour, all will be well. At any rate, I would rather suffer a hundred deaths, than live the last six weeks over again.'

"Meanwhile, crowds of armed Affghans were observed hovering near the cantonment and about Mahomed Khan's fort, causing misgivings in the minds of all but the envoy himself, whose confidence remained unshaken. On arriving near the bridge, they were met by Mahomed Akber Khan, Mahomed Shah Khan, Dost Mahomed Khan, Khooda Bux Khan, Azad Khan, and other chiefs—amongst whom was the brother of Ame-noollah Khan, whose presence might have been sufficient to convince Sir William that he had been duped.

"The usual civilities having passed, the envoy presented Akber Khan with a valuable Arab horse, which had only that morning been purchased for 3000 rupees. The whole party then sat down near some rising ground, which partially concealed them from cantonments.

"Capt. Lawrence having called attention to the number of inferior followers around them, with a view to their being ordered to a distance, Mahomed Akber exclaimed, 'No, they are all in the secret;' which words had scarcely been uttered, when Sir William and his three companions found themselves suddenly grasped firmly by the hands from behind, whilst their swords and pistols were rudely snatched away by the chiefs and their followers. The three officers were immediately pulled forcibly along, and compelled to mount on horseback, each behind a Giljye chief, escorted by a number of armed retainers, who with difficulty repelled the efforts of a crowd of fanatic Ghazees, who, on seeing the affray, had

rushed to the spot, calling aloud for the blood of the hated infidels, aiming at them desperate blows with their long knives and other weapons, and only deterred from firing by the fear of killing a chief. The unfortunate Envoy was last seen struggling violently with Mahomed Akber, 'consternation and horror depicted on his countenance.'

"On their nearing Mahomed Khan's fort, renewed attempts were made to assassinate the three captive officers by the crowd there assembled. Captain Trevor, who was seated behind Dost Mahomed Khan, unhappily fell to the ground, and was instantly slain. Captains Lawrence and Mackenzie reached the fort in safety, but the latter was much bruised in various parts of his body, and both were greatly exhausted from the excitement they had undergone.

"At the entrance of the fort, a furious cut was aimed at Capt. Mackenzie's head by a ruffian named Moollah Momin, which was ward off by Mahomed Shah Khan, that chief receiving the blow on his own shoulder. Being taken into a small room, they found themselves still in continual jeopardy from repeated assaults of the Ghazees without, who were with the greatest difficulty restrained from shooting them through the window, where the hand of some recent European victim (afterwards ascertained to be that of the envoy himself) was insultingly held up to their view. Throughout this trying scene they received repeated assurances of protection from the Giljye chiefs; but Amenollah Khan coming in gave vent to a torrent of angry abuse, and even threatened to blow them from a gun. It is deserving of notice, that amidst the congratulations which on all sides met the ear of Mahomed Shah Khan on the events of the day, the solitary voice of an aged Moollah was raised in condemnation of the deed, which he solemnly pronounced to be 'foul,' and calculated to cast a lasting disgrace on the religion of Mahomed. At midnight they were removed to the house of Mahomed Akber Khan. As they passed through the streets of Cabul, notwithstanding the excitement that had prevailed throughout the day, it resembled a city of the dead; nor did they meet a single soul.

"By Akber Khan they were received courteously, and were now informed, for the first time, by Capt. Skinner, of the murder of the Envoy and Capt. Trevor.

That Sir William Macnaughten met his death at the hands of Mahomed Akber himself there can be no reasonable doubt. That chief had pledged himself to his coadjutors to seize the Envoy that day, and bring him into the city; when the chiefs hoped to have been able to dictate their own terms, retaining him as a hostage for their fulfilment. Finding it impossible, from the strenuous resistance Sir William offered, to carry him off alive, and yet determined not to disappoint the public expectation altogether,—influenced also by his tiger passions and the remembrance of his father's wrongs,—Mahomed Akber drew a pistol, the Envoy's own gift a few hours before, and shot him through the body, which was immediately hacked to pieces by the ferocious Ghazees, by whom the dismembered trunk was afterwards carried to the city, and publicly exposed in the Char Chouk, or principal mart. The head was taken to the house of Nuwab Zuman Khan, where it was triumphantly exhibited to Capt. Conolly.

"Such was the cruel fate of Sir Wm. Macnaughten, the accomplished scholar, the distinguished politician, and the representative of Great Britain at the court of Shah Shooja-Ool-Moolk."

Mainzer's Musical Times.

SCARCELY after this excellent periodical forced itself upon public attention, we gave it as our unprejudiced opinion that a life of many years awaited it—that the talent which breathed in every page, and which increased with every number, would soon be appreciated by the public. We have not been mistaken. It has reached a second volume, and, judging from the contents of the number for January, will, in due course of time, reach its twentieth. It opens with a cleverly written address by Mr. Mainzer. "It is now," he says, "eighteen months since we planted our standard, 'Singing for the Million,' upon English ground. Unaided, unpatronised, we have succeeded in making it an object of public attention, in interesting the friends of education—the clergy of all denominations, the scholar, the man of business, and the mechanic." After touching on the success which has crowned his efforts, he speaks thus on the utility and benefits resulting from music:—"In many facto-

ries, we are happy to say, the children now enjoy for the first time, through musical instruction, a pleasure never before dreamt of; and we know many where the Temperance song and the Call to Prayer are constantly in the mouths of the children. In a great number of families in the humblest condition of life, the children unite in the evening round their fathers, and sing our practical exercises and little choruses.

"Music has given a charm to the homes of the poor unknown before; many have been in the habit of seeking comfort and recreation away from their families till they felt the pleasure of this most domestic pastime. But this is not all: in several lunatic asylums the experiment of the effects of music on the minds of the patients has been tried, which has already proved so successful elsewhere. Many unhappy beings, sequestered from society, subdued and broken down by repeated calamities, and exposed to trials under which the mental powers have sunk into imbecility and second childhood, have been soothed, tranquillized, and invigorated by the balmy influence of music. Who can doubt its power, when we see these poor people count the days of the week, and the hours of the day, for the arrival of their teacher? and when we witness the joy and thankfulness with which he is welcomed? If numerous cures have been accomplished and publicly recorded in Paris through our musical instruction, we begin with entire confidence the same work in England."

The second article, "Music and Poetry of the Jews," is talented, and evinces great research; while the life of Malibran—she whose sweet voice has so often wooed us, as it were, from the busy scenes of life—is concise and full of anecdote, illustrative of the generous heart and good disposition of that fair cantatrice. In closing our review, with the intention of taking a peep at the "Musical Times" on a future occasion we extract an anecdote from the life of

MADAME MALIBRAN.

"Madame Malibran possessed in an uncommon degree the affection and esteem of those who knew her; and we speak from our own knowledge, as well as in accordance with the general voice, when we say, that few women have been more richly endowed with the highest

virtues of the female character. Plunged at a tender age into circumstances of deep adversity, her sacrifice to integrity was heroic, and she remained uncorrupted by the prosperity of her latter days. Her feelings retained their primitive warmth—her tastes, their primitive simplicity. Notwithstanding the seductions of her profession, her pleasures lay in the occupations of domestic life, and in acts of generosity. Large as was the revenue which she derived from the exercise of her transcendent talents, it was as worthily employed as well deserved. Perhaps there never was an income earned by the exertions of a public performer—exertions which broke her constitution and brought her to an early grave—of which so large a portion 'wandered, heaven-directed, to the poor.' She was devoid of ostentation, and her beneficent deeds were known to few; but they were of daily occurrence, for they constituted the greatest happiness of her life. Living among the sons and daughters of pleasure, her only luxury was the luxury of doing good; and in the midst of wealth, her only profusion consisted in beneficence. The regret felt by the world for the loss of an admired and cherished artist was unquestionably feeble, compared with the grief with which many a humble family lamented the untimely death of their benefactress."

Miscellaneous.

THE "DR. HORNBOOK" OF BURNS.*

THE leave of absence which Joseph had obtained was now within ten days of its expiry, and as he intended to return to London by land, with the view of seeing as much as possible of the country, he resolved on quitting Elgin on the following morning, in order that he might not be obliged to perform the journey too hurriedly. He started at eight o'clock, and reached Aberdeen at four in the afternoon. There he remained that night, and set out next morning at five o'clock for Glasgow, which city he reached in the evening at eight o'clock. Curiously enough, he met that night, at the house of a friend in which he put up, with an individual who occupies a prominent place in the pages of Burns, and who is, con-

* From "Joseph Jenkins," a new work, by the Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c.

sequently, as fairly booked for immortality as the poet himself. The individual to whom we refer is Dr. Hornbook, the hero of the popular poem, entitled "Death and Dr. Hornbook." Hornbook, as most of the readers of Burns are aware, is a fictitious name; the real name of the individual who is gibbeted in that piece of sarcastic writing was John Wilson. To his Christian name, indeed, Burns furnishes a clue, for in one verse he is called "Jock," which every Scotchman knows is synonymous with John. In the course of the evening, Mr. Wilson—who, it may be remarked, died only a few years ago—referred to the sarcastic poem, at the request of the mutual friend of Joseph and himself, under whose hospitable roof they were. Mr. Wilson, though never alluding in promiscuous company, or when in conversation with any stranger, to the fact of his identity with the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, never betrayed a reluctance to refer to it when in the society of any friend in whom he could repose confidence.

The opportunity of hearing anything new on such a subject was too good for Joseph to lose. He and Mr. Wilson entered into conversation together, and he found the latter quite unreserved in his revelations on this point—readily and fully answering any questions which were put to him.

Mr. Wilson mentioned the circumstances connected with his history prior to his acquaintance with Burns. These have never been correctly given by those who have published editions of the poet's works with explanatory notes. Indeed, it may be remarked, that nearly all about to be mentioned is now published for the first time. Mr. Wilson was bred a weaver, in the west of Scotland, and worked at the business for several years. He was a most industrious young man, rising up early and sitting up late, and emphatically eating the bread of carefulness, in order that he might save as much of his earnings as would enable him to pay for a course of education which would qualify him for becoming a presbyterian minister—an object which was with him one of eager and unceasing ambition. With that view he did engage in the necessary preparatory studies; but having become the father of an illegitimate child, all his clerical prospects were blasted. He quitted Glasgow, where he had been studying, and retired to the parish of Tarbolton, in Ayrshire, in which Burns

at that time lived. Being a man of superior talents and extensive information, he and Burns soon became very intimate together. The poet, it ought to be mentioned, was at this time preparing the first edition of his works. He was, consequently, altogether unknown to general fame, though the more discerning of those who saw his manuscript productions, discovered and admired the poetic genius they displayed. None were more hearty in their admiration of the poems of Burns than Mr. Wilson; little imagining at the time that he was destined to be handed down to posterity in them, under the very unenviable circumstances in which he is made to appear.

Mr. Wilson, having proceeded so far in his narrative, Joseph inquired whether he knew any cause which could have provoked the splenetic effusion.

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "the cause was this. He and I were both members of a Benefit Society, connected with the locality in which we were living. I was treasurer of the society. He was always irregular in his periodical payments, and on one particular occasion had fallen so far in arrears as, in terms of the rules and regulations, to be liable to have his name struck off the roll as a member. I at that"—

"I beg pardon for interrupting you; but was his name struck off the roll?" said Joseph.

"No, it was not," returned Mr. Wilson. "I prevented that, by not letting the members generally know the full extent of his short-comings. Just at this particular time, he called on me one night, and asked the loan of a small sum of money. Knowing his careless habits—for he had already begun to give himself up to drink, though not a confirmed drunkard—I refused, adding, or, rather, assigning as the reason, 'You know, Robert, that you are already deeply in arrears to the society, and that I am rendering myself liable for some of the payments you ought to have made, by concealing your deficiencies from the other members.' Stung by the refusal to lend him the money, in conjunction with the circumstance of reminding him of his arrears, he went home and wrote the piece in which I am held up to ridicule."

"And was the effusion published immediately on its being written?" asked Joseph.

"Oh, no: and I must do him the

justice to say, notwithstanding the injury he has done me, that I do not believe he ever intended to publish it. He did not mean it to be known beyond the limits of the parish in which he lived. He, in the first instance, only shewed it to several persons acquainted with us both. At their request, he allowed them to take copies. It thus got into a very general manuscript circulation in the parish. By and by it got into print in the form of a handbill. Thence it found its way into the public journals, until it became universally known. As a further proof that he did not mean it to be published, it was not inserted in the first edition of his poems, which appeared some time after the poem had been written."

"Did it excite a great sensation in the locality in which you both lived?" inquired Joseph.

"It did: it raised a laugh at my expense, as clever ridicule always will at anybody's expense against whom it is levelled. Even those who knew the thing to be wholly unfounded, joined in the general laugh. The result was, that I could scarcely look a friend in the face. I was obliged to leave that part of the country altogether. I returned with my wife and family—for by this time I was married, and had several children—to Glasgow, where I have ever since remained."

"And you think," remarked Joseph, "that your refusal to lend Burns the small sum of money was the sole cause of his penning the bitter piece."

"I am perfectly certain of it; for, until that time, we had been two of the greatest friends in that part of the country: and it was only a few months before, that I received a silver snuff-box from the society to which I have referred, as an expression of the sense the members entertained of my services as treasurer, with a very handsome poetical eulogium, written by Burns himself. He had, besides, made me several small presents, some of which are still in my possession."

"Did you ever meet with him after the publication of the piece?"

"I often accidentally met with him; but we never had any intercourse together after he had written the poem."

"Do you think he ever afterwards regretted writing it?"

"I am sure of it; for he repeatedly wrote to me, expressing the greatest concern that ever he had penned such a piece—saying, he felt he had injured me,

and hoping that, as it was written on the impulse of the moment, and without any view to publication, I would overlook the circumstance, and be again on the same friendly footing with him as before. My answer was, that I did not wish to cherish any unkindly feelings towards him, but that I never could have any intercourse with one who had done me so great an injury."

"Were you," inquired Joseph, "acting as a medical man when Burns wrote the piece?"

"I was not," replied Mr. Wilson, "and never had been in practice at all. I followed the vocation of a schoolmaster. He begins the poem with these words, 'Some books are lies from end to end,' and so is all he says about me—with the single exception of the reference he makes to my acquaintance with 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine.' That work had, a short time before, made its appearance; and I, feeling that I understood—as anybody may understand—the greatest part of its contents, merely kept a few of the more common kinds of medicine in my own house, for the benefit of my family. I never visited any patient in the pretended character of a professional man. I never prescribed out of my own house; and was not even in the practice of vending medicines."

Joseph was a good deal surprised at this; for he, in common with his countrymen, thought that the Dr. Hornbook of Burns must have been in the habit of prescribing for persons who were ill. The friend of whose hospitality he and Mr. Wilson were partaking, perceiving an air of incredulity on this point about Joseph's manner, confirmed the statement of Mr. Wilson, as being the assertion of a fact which consisted with his own personal knowledge.

It may be right here to repeat—so many incorrect accounts having been given of Mr. Wilson's history previously to the publication of "Death and Dr. Hornbook," by the editors of Burns—that the accuracy of this information may be relied on. Not less incorrect have the editors been in reference to the way in which he occupied his time on his return to Glasgow. They generally represent him as having engaged, in that city, in mercantile pursuits, and as having acquired a handsome independency. Neither statement is correct. He obtained an official situation in the Gorbals parish of Glasgow, in which he settled, which

he retained until the time of his death. The salary was sufficient to enable him to support his family in respectability, but was not so great as to allow of his saving as much as would make him independent. On one point all the editors of Burns are agreed—and on that point they are correct—namely, that Mr. Wilson was a most worthy man at the time that Burns lampooned him, and that he continued to maintain, ever afterwards, an unblemished character. He was held in the highest esteem in the part of Glasgow in which he lived; and received more than one testimonial of respect from his fellow-parishioners. The author of this work is in a condition to add, that not only was he an excellent member of society, but a most exemplary Christian. He was a decidedly pious man: and there can be no doubt that it was the circumstance of his looking on all the events and incidents of time, all the trials and troubles of life, with the eye of a sincere Christian, that enabled him not only to forgive Burns for the great injury he had done him, but to maintain through life, notwithstanding the mortification he must have experienced, that cheerfulness of manner for which all who were acquainted with him knew that he was remarkable.

No right-minded person can learn these particulars respecting Mr. Wilson, without feeling the deepest pain that so worthy a man should have had his whole existence embittered by the heartless ridicule heaped upon him by one with whom he had been on terms of the closest intimacy, and to whom, instead of ever having done any injurious act, he had repeatedly performed offices of friendship. The disposition to indulge in satire is one of the most reprehensible which a man can possess; and, instead of being encouraged by society, it ought to be denounced and put down. This disposition to expose his acquaintances to the jeers and contempt of the world, was a blemish in the character of Burns, which has never been sufficiently held up to public detestation. No intellectual superiority, no genius, however high may be its order, ought to make that author a favourite, who can gratuitously hold up his unoffending fellow-men to the scorn and ridicule of society. He who pens these remarks would not, for all the fame that attaches to the name of Burns, have the reflection of having needlessly wounded

the feelings of his acquaintances. And many of those acquaintances whom Burns has so mercilessly ridiculed, were far worthier men than himself in all that constitutes moral greatness—which is, after all, the only true greatness of mortal beings. The evil of ridicule, when the poisoned shaft is thrown by the hand of a popular author, does not terminate with the life of him against whom it is directed. So far from being interred with his bones, its effects are felt for generations afterwards. Not more than four weeks have elapsed since the author of these volumes met with one of Mr. Wilson's descendants; and he told him that, though he mentioned to him his relationship to the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, he studiously concealed it from those with whom he usually associated; adding, that he lived in a state of constant terror, lest the relationship should be discovered.

MY GRAVE.

BY JOHN RANNEY, OF ABERDEEN.

FAR from the city's ceaseless hum,
Hither let my relics come;—
Lowly and lonely be my grave,
Fast by the streamlet's cooing wave,
Still to the gentle angher dear,
And heaven's fair face reflecting clear.
No rank luxuriance from the dead
Draw the green turf above my head,
But cowlslip here and there be found,
Sweet natives of the hallow'd ground,
Diffusing Nature's incense round!
Kindly sloping to the sun
When his course is nearly run,
Let it catch his farewell beams,
Brief and pale, as best becoms;
But let the melancholy yew,
Still to the cemetery true,
Defend it from his noontide ray
Debarring visitant so gay!
And when the robin's flut song
Is hush'd the darkling boughs among,
There let the spirit of the wind
A heaven-rear'd tabernacle find,
To warble wild a vesper hymn,
To soothe my shade at twilight dim!
Seldom let foot of man be there,
Save bending towards the house of prayer:
Few human sounds disturb the calm,
Save word of grace or solemn psalm!
Yet would I not my humble tomb
Should wear an unwinning gloom,
As though there ever brooded near,
In fancy's ken, a thing of fear;
And, view'd with superstitious awe,
Be duly shunn'd, and scarcely draw
The sidelong glance of passer-by,
As haunt of spirits with blasting eye;
Or noted be by some mid token,
Bearing a name, in whispers spoken!

No!—let the thoughtful schoolboy stray
 Far from his giddy mates at play,
 My secret place of rest explore,
 There on the page of classic lore ;—
 Thither let hoary men of age
 Perform a pensive pilgrimage,
 And think, as o'er my grave they bend,
 It woos them to their welcome end :—
 And let the heart-struck wandering one,
 Blind to the ray of reason's sun,
 Thither his weary way incline,
 There catch a gleam of light divine :—
 But chiefly, let the friend sincere
 There drop a tributary tear ;
 There pause, in musing mood, and all
 Our bygone hours of bliss recal—
 Delightful hours ! too fleetly flown !
 By the *Heart's* pulses only known !

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

It was pretty late in the autumn of the year, when the declining sun, struggling through the mist which had obscured it all day, looked down brightly upon a little Wiltshire village within an easy journey of the fair old town of Salisbury.

Like a sudden flash of memory or spirit kindling upon the mind of an old man, it shed a glory upon the scene, in which its departed youth and freshness seemed to live again. The wet grass sparkled in the light ; the scanty patches of verdure in the hedges—where a few green twigs yet stood together bravely, resisting to the last the tyranny of nipping winds and early frosts—took heart and brightened up ; the stream, which had been dull and sullen all day long, broke out into a cheerful smile ; the birds began to chirp and twitter on the naked boughs, as though the hopeful creatures half believed that winter had gone by, and spring had come already. The vane upon the tapering spire of the old church glistened from its lofty station in sympathy with the general gladness ; and from the ivy-shaded windows such gleams of light shone back upon the glowing sky, that it seemed as if the quiet buildings were the hoarding-place of twenty summers, and all their ruddiness and warmth were stored within.

Even those tokens of the season which emphatically whispered of the coming winter, graced the landscape, and, for the moment, tinged its livelier features with no oppressive air of sadness. The fallen leaves, with which the ground was strewn, gave forth a pleasant fragrance, and subduing all harsh sounds of distant feet and wheels, created a repose in gentle unison

with the light scattering of seed hither and thither by the distant husbandman, and with the noiseless passage of the plough as it turned up the rich brown earth, and wrought a graceful pattern in the stubbled fields. On the motionless branches of some trees, autumn berries hung like clusters of coral beads, as in those fabled orchards where the fruits were jewels ; others, stripped of all their garniture, stood, each the centre of its little heap of bright red leaves, watching their slow decay ; others again, still wearing theirs, had them all crunched and crackled up, as though they had been burnt ; about the stems of some were piled, in ruddy mounds, the apples they had borne that year ; while others (hardy evergreens this class) shewed somewhat stern and gloomy in their vigour, as charged by nature with the admonition that it is not to her more sensitive and joyous favourites she grants the longest term of life. Still athwart their darker boughs, the sun-beams struck out paths of deeper gold, and the red light, mantling in among their swarthy branches, used them as foils to set its brightness off, and aid the lustre of the dying day.

A moment, and its glory was no more. The sun went down beneath the long dark lines of hill and cloud which piled up in the west an airy city, wall heaped on wall, and battlement on battlement ; the light was all withdrawn, the shining church turned cold and dark, the stream forgot to smile, the birds were silent, and the gloom of winter dwelt on everything.

An evening wind uprose too, and the slighter branches cracked and rattled as they moved, in skeleton dances, to its meaning music. The withering leaves, no longer quiet, hurried to and fro in search of shelter from its chill pursuit ; the labourer unyoked his horses, and with head bent down, trudged briskly home beside them ; and from the cottage windows lights began to glance and wink upon the darkening fields.—*Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Singular Circumstance.—As Mr. Garner, of Cottesbatch Lodge, Lutterworth, was sitting with some friends around a table, they were surprised by a partridge breaking a square of glass, flying on to the table, and perching on a cheese, from which it quickly flew through the aperture it had made, and effected its escape.—*Northampton Paper.*

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dress'd;
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

THE shortness of time and the instability of human affairs form an inexhaustible fund, from whence the moralist and the divine will ever draw cogent reasons for the exercise of virtue and submission to Providence; yet, if we were to make an estimate by the conduct of most people, we should almost doubt whether these things were not matter of speculation, instead of fact. What anxiety do we see among mankind to provide for their existence on earth! Not content with what is sufficient to satisfy the demands of nature or moderation, the more Providence is pleased to bestow, the greater is often their cravings after the perishing commodities of this world. Avaritio had been what is called an industrious man, whose only study was the accumulation of wealth; by an unwearied labour of forty years he was enabled to realize the sum of thirty thousand pounds, with which he resolved to spend the remaining years of life in ease and happiness. How soon is the babel of human bliss demolished! Scarcely were his affairs arranged, and himself retired from business, when Death, that unwelcome messenger, summoned him to another place, for which it would have been well had he so amply provided. Poor man! where now are thy riches? Descended to a prodigal son. He, too, had been long forming speculations of happiness in the riches he should one day inherit. Lorenzo shed a tear at his father's funeral, but it was the tear of custom—not of affection. Wretched mortal! he could not discern the ills that were in store. One direful night of gaming deprived him of all his treasure, and in a fit of despondency he terminated his existence. How blinded is man to his real peace—how eager to entail misery on himself. This should teach us never to repine, because we are not so rich as our neighbours; nor suppose, if we could obtain what we wish, that it would increase our happiness. "A contented mind," says the proverb, "is a continual feast;" and, if satisfaction is not in the mind, no addition of wealth or honours will ever give it.

When we feel too much attachment to this world, let us reflect on the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death; these considerations will calm the inordinate desires of the heart, and produce resignation to all the dealings of Omnipotence. Let us all remember we are immortals, destined to exist when the pleasures of time are no more; who must witness the dissolution of nature itself, and stand before the judgment seat of God—

"Amid the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

There is not any better remedy for ambition than reflections of this nature. It would have been well for mankind, if many conquerors, whom prejudice has dignified with the title of heroes, amidst their disgraceful triumphs, had considered that themselves were but mortals, and that human life was uncertain.—WOODVILLE.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT ROS-TOPTCHINE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, IN TEN MINUTES.

MY BIRTH.—In 1765, on the 12th of March, I entered on the light of day: They measured me, weighed me, and baptized me. I was born without knowing why, and my parents rejoiced without knowing for what.

MY EDUCATION.—They taught me all sorts of things and all sorts of languages; so that by dint of impudence and quackery I sometimes passed for a man of learning. My head became a library—of which, however, I have myself kept the key.

MY TORMENTS.—I was plagued with masters, with tailors who would make my clothes too small; by the women, by ambition, by self-love, by vain regrets, by sovereigns, and by souvenirs.

MEMORABLE EPOCHS.—At thirty, I gave up dancing—at forty, pretensions to pleasing the ladies—at fifty, respect for public opinion—at sixty, thought that I became a true philosopher, or an egotist, which comes to the same thing.

MORAL PORTRAIT.—I was obstinate as a mule, capricious as a coquette, gay as a child, idle as a marmot, active as Buonaparte, and all of these in turn at pleasure.

IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS.—Never possessing a command of my physiognomy, I gave loose to my tongue, and

acquired the bad habit of thinking aloud; this procured me some amusement, and a multitude of enemies.

WHAT I WAS, AND WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—I was sensible of friendship and of confidence; and I wanted nothing, but to have been born in the golden age, to have stood some chance of being a perfect simpleton—that is, a good man.

RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.—I never was engaged in any affair of marriage or of gossip; I never recommended either a cook or a physician—consequently, I never attempted the life of any man.

MY TASTES.—I was fond of small societies—of a walk in the woods; I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and its setting has often made me melancholy; as for colours, I preferred blue—and in eating, beef and horseradish; in theatricals, comedy and farce; in human beings, an open and expressive countenance; humpbacks of both sexes had a charm for me which I cannot explain.

MY AVERSIONS.—I always had a dislike to fools, scoundrels, and female intriguants, who pretended to virtue. I was disgusted with affectation—pitied painted dolls of both sexes—hated liqueurs, metaphysics, and rhubarb—and entertained a positive alarm at justice and mad dogs.

ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.—I wait for death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama, in which I have played heroes, tyrants, lovers, fathers—everything but valets.

REWARDS FROM HEAVEN.—My supreme blessing in life has been an independence of the three great powers that govern Europe. Rich, averse to business, and indifferent to music, I had nothing to do with Rothschild, Metternich, or Rossini.

MY EPITAPH.—Here is left to repose, with a mind fatigued, a heart exhausted, and a body worn out, an odd fellow (*vieux diable*). Ladies and gentlemen, pass on.

DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO THE PUBLIC.—Dog, discordant organ of the passions! you who elevate to the clouds, and plunge into the mud—who patronise and calumniate without knowing why! absurd tyrant escaped from the madhouse! extract of subtle poisons and of sweet aromas! representative of the devil, at the court of human nature! fury in the mask of human charity!—public,

whom I feared in my youth, respected at maturity, and despised in my old age! it is to you that I dedicate these memoirs. My good friend, I am at last out of your fangs, for I am dead, and therefore deaf, dumb, and blind; would that you enjoyed the same advantages, for your own repose and that of humanity!

MR. PECKSNIFF & HIS DAUGHTERS.

MR. PECKSNIFF having been comforted internally with some stiff brandy and water, the eldest Miss Pecksniff sat down to make the tea, which was all ready. In the meantime the youngest Miss Pecksniff brought from the kitchen a smoking dish of ham and eggs, and setting the same before her father, took up her station on a low stool at his feet, thereby bringing her eyes on a level with the tea-board.

It must not be inferred from this position of humility that the youngest Miss Pecksniff was so young as to be, as one may say, forced to sit upon a stool, by reason of the shortness of her legs. Miss Pecksniff sat upon a stool because of her simplicity and innocence, which were very great—very great. Miss Pecksniff sat upon a stool because she was all girlishness, and playfulness, and wildness, and kittenish buoyancy. She was the most arch, and at the same time the most artless creature, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, that you can possibly imagine. It was her great charm. She was too fresh and guileless, and too full of child-like vivacity, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, to wear combs in her hair, or to turn it up, or to frizzle it, or braid it. She wore it in a crop, a loosely flowing crop, which had so many rows of curls in it that the top row was only one curl. Moderately buxom was her shape, and quite womanly too; but sometimes—yes, sometimes—she even wore a pinafore; and how charming *that* was! Oh! she was indeed “a gushing thing,” (as a young gentleman has observed in verse in the poet’s corner of a provincial newspaper,) was the youngest Miss Pecksniff!

Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man, a grave man, a man of noble sentiments and speech, and he had had her christened Mercy. Mercy! oh, what a charming name for such a pure-souled being as the youngest Miss Pecksniff! Her sister’s name was Charity. There was a good thing! Mercy and Charity! And

Charity, with her fine strong sense, and her mild, yet not reproachful gravity, was so well named, and did so well set off and illustrate her sister! What a pleasant sight was that, the contrast they presented: to see each loved and loving one sympathising with, and devoted to, and leaning on, and yet correcting and counter-checking, and, as it were, antidoting the other! To behold each damsel, in her very admiration of her sister, setting up in business for herself on an entirely different principle, and announcing no connexion with over-the-way, and if the quality of goods at that establishment don't please you, you are respectfully invited to favour us with a call! And the crowning circumstance of the whole delightful catalogue was, that both the fair creatures were so utterly unconscious of all this! They had no idea of it. They no more thought or dreamed of it than Mr. Pecksniff did. Nature played them off against each other; they had no hand in it, the two Miss Pecksniffs.

It has been remarked that Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. So he was. Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff; especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man; fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there: but these were his enemies; the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was moral. You saw a good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat, (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind,) and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless, before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace: a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-grey, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek, though free

from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eye-glass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff!"—*The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.*

PRACTICAL MORALITY OF THE FRENCH.

THE French are, above all nations of the earth, a people of practical wisdom—of practical morality. They make the glory of their great men a household thing. Napoleon is on his death-bed, his eagles flee upon their golden wings to darkness—the trumpet wails in his ear—the last flutter of his heart rises with the muttering drum—and "*tete d'armée*" is his death-sob. Napoleon is dead. A few minutes—the plaster is poured above the face of imperial clay, and posterity is insured the *vera effigies* of that thunderbolt of a man just as the bolt was spent! Now that face, in its dreadful calmness, is multiplied in silver—in bronze—in marble—in richest metal and in purest stone! And now, to teach a daily lesson to the common mind, that awful countenance, with the weight of death upon it, is sold modelled in—soap! Thus, have we not moral reflections brought to the very fingers' ends of the people? As the mechanic cleanses his palms, and feels his emperor's nose wasting away in his fingers, he thinks of Marengo and Austerlitz! With the imperial face the pickpocket makes his hands clean from last night's work, thinking the while of the rifled halls and galleries of Italy; the butcher, new from his morning's killing, washes his hands with the countenance of the emperor, the while he muses on Waterloo, and whistles the "Downfall of Paris;" and the philosopher peeps into the tub, and sees the type and memory of the warrior's deeds in bubbles floating upon dirty water.—*Punch's Letters to his Son.*

Great Courage.—A couple of heroes of Detroit, who were ready to split, lately went over to the Canada side to shoot each other. They exchanged five shots each, but could not hit; so, having exhausted their ammunition, they adjourned *sine die*, but without any signs of dying.

The Gatherr.

Malibran's Mausoleum.—A white marble statue of Madame Malibran has just been placed in the Mausoleum which M. de Beriot had erected in the cemetery of Lacken, to the memory of the celebrated cantatrice. The monument itself is about ten feet long, and nearly as many wide. The interior is circular, and is crowned with a cupola. The door is composed of open work, which allows the statue to be seen towards the other end. The white marble is thrown out from a brownish ground, so that Malibran appears quitting the tomb, and rising towards heaven, where she is about to be received by angels, painted on the cupola. In the centre of the cupola a lamp is placed, which sheds a subdued light over the whole statue. On the front of the pedestal is to be placed a basso relievo, representing the Genius of Music bewailing the loss of this celebrated singer.—*Examiner.*

Highland Mary.—Some time ago a subscription was commenced for the purpose of erecting a monument to Highland Mary, over the spot where repose her ashes in the west churchyard, Greenock. Somewhere about 100*l.* was collected, and a monument, designed and executed by Mr. Mossman, has now been erected over the grave. The inscription on the monument, unless good taste prevent it, is to be the following bald conceit:—"Sacred to genius and love—to Burns and Highland Mary,"—it being considered too common-place and vulgar to inform the stranger that the monument is erected over the ashes of Mary Campbell.—*Scottish Guardian.*

A Silver Mine.—The only mine now worked is situated about a mile and a half to the S.E. of Gümischkhana, beyond the hills which surround the town; but in order to reach it we were obliged to go over the eastern brow or wing of the rocky amphitheatre. These hills, which rise in perpendicular cliffs, consist of limestone, shales, and indurated sandstone, while granitic rocks in a state of decomposition also crop out in several places. Notwithstanding my adventures in the copper-mine of Chalwar, I could not resist the temptation of personally inspecting this one also, which, although not so deep or difficult as the other, is much more dangerous. It was not shafted up

at all, the galleries being only supported by the natural rock. The direction of the principal shaft sloped 20 degrees to the south, but other galleries branched out in all directions, sometimes spreading into capacious chambers, at others passing through low and narrow passages, and either descending perpendicular chasms, or proceeding onwards horizontally. In one of these chambers the wet ground sloped to a vast lake or reservoir of great depth, beyond which I could distinguish, by the light of their lamps, several workmen removing the rocky wall itself for the sake of the ore which it contained. On the whole there appeared to be neither method, order, nor prudence in the manner in which they worked. The best ore is found in lumps or nodules in the middle of the vein, consisting of a soft black clay, which also contains a small quantity of metal. The whole face of the hill near this mine was covered with the remains of old workings and galleries, in which the ore had been exhausted.—*Researches in Asia Minor.*

The Price of a Sensation.—The French papers mention, that "The Princess Jádimerowski, who died some time back in Russia, has left considerable legacies to two actors, one for having made her laugh, and the other weep. The following words are found in her will, in allusion to this matter:—"Having frequented the theatre for three years, and having felt there the only real emotions of my life, I think myself bound to recompense those persons who caused me so much gratification. I therefore bequeath to Karatiguin, who has so often made me shed such delicious tears, the sum of 50,000 roubles, (about 200,000 fr.) I also bequeath to a young actor, whose name has slipped my memory, but whom it will be easy, I imagine, to discover in France, as being the person who used to play the *Gamin de Paris* at the Theatre-Michel, the sum of 30,000 roubles, for having so well amused me." The French actor is Laferrière, of the Vaudeville. The testamentary executor, in announcing to him this intelligence, has stated that the heirs-at-law intend to contest the legacy; but that it is believed they will fail.—*Athenæum.*

LONDON: Published by CUNNINGHAM and MORTIMER, Adelaide Street, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.